Mrs. S. J. Kirkwood,
Wooster,
Ohio.

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Stratford-on-Avon, June 7, '89.

My Dear Wife: This has been a cold, drizzly day, and I have not felt like walking any, and so I have been in my room all day, except while at church this morning. I went to the Episcopal Parish Church. The service, altogether was quite lengthy, but the sermon was only twenty-minutes. Half, or two-thirds of the sermon was very good. The rest was exceedingly high church, some of it weak, and a little of it contemptible.

The service, including prayers and everything, except the reading of the two scripture lessons, was chanted or sung. It was very well done, but I have little patience with that way of doing it.

I noticed the Vicar, while preaching, bowed his head whenever he mentioned the name of either person of the Trinity, and once when he spoke of Mary, I noticed he bowed his head also. At the opening of the service, he and about fifteen other clergymen, &c., (they all had on their white gowns, &c.) marched in in procession, carrying a large brass crucifix, a banner, &c.

It was a very strong affair of popish mummeries.

I am told the vicar is decidedly high church. I should have

known that, however, from the ceremonies to-day. His sermon was on the character and work of the Holy Ghost. A grand subject, but the sermon was marked largely by what was n't in it.

But the singing and the organ music were fine, and I think I never heard more beautiful bells. They chimed for a half-hour before the service began.

When the chiming ceased, I noticed nine men came down from the tower. So, I suppose it takes that number to attend to it.

I believe the chiming of the bells was the best part of the whole service.

I left Oxford yesterday morning, and went directly to Kenilworth, reaching there about eleven o'clock. The Castle is about a mile from the railway station. I hesitated whether to go to Kenilworth, but I am very glad I did go. The two or three hours I spent there were very enjoyable ones. The Castle is noble, even in its ruins. It must have been a grand and beautiful structure. The highest of the towers now standing is 85 ft. high. I do not

know how much higher they were.

It is built of a beautiful reddish-brown, sandstone. The stone carving about the windows, doorways, fire-places, arches, &c. is beautiful.

The exterior is all smooth dressed, or cut, stonework.

A good portion of the walls, some of the towers to the very top, is covered with most beautiful ivy.

I measured one of the stocks three feet from the ground, and it was over a foot in diameter.

There is a great deal of beautiful holly about the grounds also.

The gate-house, built of the same material, and on the same general plan, is almost a castle itself, and is about as good as ever.

The keeper lives in it.

After leaving Kenilworth, I was detained an hour at Leamington, and did not get to Stratford till half-past three. I spent the rest of the afternoon in the old Shakespeare house, the Shakespeare memorial building, and the Church where he is buried. All was very interesting, but I cannot tell you about it in a

letter. This is a very beautiful country. Stratford is a pretty town, a little larger than Wooster. The Avon is a very pretty river. Where the bridge stopes it, several little islands make it very beautiful.

I had a lovely view of all from the tower of the Memorial building. I should enjoy spending another day here, if I had the time to spare. I have a nice front, bay-window room, in a small temperance hotel, with very good accommodations in every way, at very reasonable rates. I expect to go to Rugby in the morning, and go on to Cambridge to-morrow evening. There is nothing at Rugby but the School. It is now six o'clock, and I will close for the present. I suppose Church is just about out with you. I hope it is a pleasant day, and that you were able to go to-day. Next Sabbath will be Baccalaureate Sabbath.

I hope you will write me all the news about University matters that I will not get from the Commencement papers. Hobie can doubtless learn some of the news from Mr. Bigger.

I have been wondering if the University Catalogue was not out yet. I should be glad to see it as soon as it is out. I suppose preparations are in progress for Commencement.

Did Rob succeed in his efforts at the Assembly? What did he think of the Assembly? Where does it meet next year?

Have you heard anything further from Calvin, as to when they are coming to America?

I think I shall certainly hear from you when I get to Cambridge to-morrow evening.

It is still cold and drizzly, and I feel a little blue and lonely. It is now about eight o'clock, and although it will not be dark yet for an hour or more, I think I shall put my blinds down and go to bed pretty soon.

I do hope you are feeling better, and that you are able to get about better. I also hope it is not continuing so hot as it was.

Remember me to all.

Your loving husband,

S. J. Kirkwood.